

A Fawcett Publication

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

FEBRUARY

10¢

NO. 40

Starring  
**WILLIAM  
BOYD**

IN  
THIS  
ISSUE:

THE COMPLETE NOVELETTE

**THE PURSUIT OF DEATH!**



**Baby Brownie Special Camero.** Makes good snaps simple, sure. Full-color, too, in bright sunlight. Fixed-focus lens. Negatives,  $1\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ . \$2.75.



**Brownie Target Six-20 Camera.** Brilliant vertical and horizontal view finders. Fixed-focus lens; two stops for varying light. Negatives,  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ . \$5.75.



**Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera.** "Makes snaps around the clock." Full-color pictures, too, in full sun. Two-position focusing helps get sharp, clear snaps. Negatives,  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ . \$11.75; Flashholder, \$2.92.



## Which Kodak Camera for Christmas?

Here's help in making up your mind

Looking for a camera . . . a camera for a beginner . . . for an all-out ace . . . or for someone in between?

On this page are six cameras. For the money, each is tops in its class. Your Kodak dealer has these and other Kodak cameras. Ask him for the full story of what each of them has to offer—color shots, flash shots, action pictures, and so on.

Eastman Kodak Company,  
Rochester 4, N. Y.



**Brownie Reflex Camero.** Large image on the view finder gives you a preview of your picture. So easy to make sure your snaps are composed just right. Negatives,  $1\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{2}$ . \$10.95; Flashholder, \$4.03.



**Kodak Duoflex Camero.** Big, brilliant finder shows you your picture before you snap. Fixed focus. Negatives,  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ . With Kodet Lens, \$12.75, including lens shield, neck strap. With Kodar Lens, \$19.85; Flashholder, \$3.33.



**Brownie Howkeye Camera.** Newest Brownie box camera. Takes 12 black-and-white, 9 full-color pictures per roll of Kodak 620 Film. Oversize view finder. Time exposures and "B" shutter setting permit "flash" shots with Kodak Photo Flasher. \$5.50; Kodak Photo Flasher, \$1.55.

All prices include Federal Tax  
"Kodak" and "Brownie"  
are trade-marks

**Kodak**  
TRADE-MARK



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS  
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN  
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY  
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President*



IF TOPPER WERE WITH ME,  
I MIGHT TRY THIS JUMP--  
BUT WITHOUT HIM IT'S  
SURE SUICIDE!



AND THOSE VARMINTS DON'T  
LOOK AS IF THEY'RE AIMING  
TO LET ME TAKE A STEP  
FORWARD!



I'VE AN IDEA! IT'S A  
SLIM CHANCE, BUT I'VE  
NOTHING TO LOSE  
BY TRYING IT!

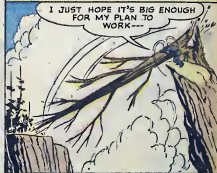


(GRUNT)--I'VE GOT TO  
WORK FAST!



**E**XERTING EVERY FIBRE IN HIS BODY, THE  
FAMED SHERIFF OF TWIN RIVER STARTS  
HIS PLAN OF ACTION

I JUST HOPE IT'S BIG ENOUGH  
FOR MY PLAN TO  
WORK---



LOOK---  
HE'S  
GITTING  
AWAY!

TAKE IT EASY, BONES!  
STANDING ON THE  
TREE, HE'S AN EASIER  
TARGET THAN A CLAY  
PIGEON IN A  
SHOOTING  
GALLERY!



I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE  
TIGHT ROPE WALKER IN  
THE CIRCUS HAD A  
TOUGH JOB, BUT AT  
LEAST HE NEVER HAD  
TO WORRY ABOUT BULLETS  
WHIZZING ALL  
AROUND HIM!

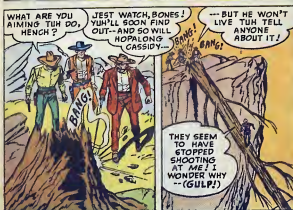




I'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING!  
ONE FALSE STEP AND IT'S  
INSTANT DEATH!

HE CAN'T GIT  
AWAY NOW, BOSS!  
SHOULD WE LET  
HIM HAVE IT,  
HENCH?

HOLD IT, BOYS! KILLING  
HOPALONG THE WAY IS  
MUCH TOO NICE A DEATH!  
I'VE GOT A BETTER  
IDEA!



WHAT ARE YOU  
AIMING TUH DO,  
HENCH?

JEST WATCH, BONES!  
YUH'LL SOON FIND  
OUT--AND SO WILL  
HOPALONG CASSIDY--

--- BUT HE WON'T  
LIVE TUH TELL  
ANYONE ABOUT IT!

THEY SEEM  
TO HAVE  
STOPPED  
SHOOTING  
AT ME! I  
WONDER WHY  
--(GULP!)



NOW I GET IT! THEY AIM  
TO WEAKEN THE OTHER  
END OF THIS TREE SO  
THE WHOLE THING WILL  
CRASH DOWN TO DEATH  
CANYON--TAKING ME  
WITH IT!



C'MON, LUKE--C'MON,  
BONES! GIVE ME A  
HAND WITH THIS  
DURNED TREE!  
(GRUNT)

I SHORE COULDN'T THINK  
OF A MORE PLEASANT WAY  
TUH SEE HOPALONG WIND  
UP HIS DAYS!



THERE'S NO TIME  
TO MAKE THE  
OTHER SIDE BY  
TIGHT-ROPE  
WALKING! IT  
LOOKS AS IF MY  
WHOLE PLAN  
FAILED!



**B**UT AS THE TREE SLIPS FROM THE TOP OF THE CANYON, THE EVER-RESOURCEFUL HOPALONG CASSIDY MAKES ONE LAST DESPERATE LEAP-----







**W**hat is this all about? Why must Hench and his accomplices get to the bottom of the hill before **HOPALONG CASSIDY** does? Why is the famed sheriff of **TWIN RIVER** so eager to get to the bottom of the trail before they do? To find the answer we must turn back the clock.

It all started some time ago, back in **Arid Valley**....









IT'S ABOUT MY GRAIN BUSINESS, HOPALONG! AS YUH NO DOUBT KNOW, I'VE SPENT YEARS BUILDING IT UP! I'VE ALWAYS GIVEN THE PEOPLE OF TWIN RIVER THEIR MONEY'S WORTH, BUT I FIND I CAIN'T STAY IN BUSINESS ANYMORE!

WHY?

NO MATTER WHAT I CHARGE FER MY GRAIN I FIND THE NEW DEALER IN TOWN SELLING HIS GRAIN FER LESS!

WHO'S THAT?

HIS HANDLE IS HENCH MANN! I GOTTA ADMIT THET HIS GRAIN IS EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS MINE, BUT I JUST CAIN'T MEET HIS PRICES!

FRANKLY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, STERLING!



BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT! HE HAS THE RIGHT TO SELL HIS GRAIN AT ANY PRICE HE SEES FIT EVEN IF HE LOSES MONEY ON EACH SALE!

THAR HE GOES ANNOUNCING ANOTHER ONE OF HIS SALES!



NOW YUH SEE WHAT I'M UP AGAINST, HOPALONG! THE GRAIN COSTS ME MORE THAN HE'S SELLING HIS FER!

GRAIN SALE

SOMEHOW THIS WHOLE THING DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO ME! I CAIN'T BELIEVE THAT HE WOULD BE SELLING HIS GRAIN BELOW WHAT IT COSTS HIM!

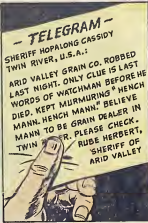
GRAIN SALE

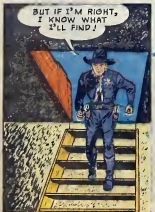
IT'S POSSIBLE THERE'S MORE TO THESE SALES THAN WE THINK!

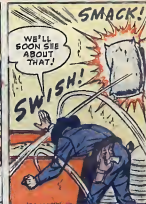
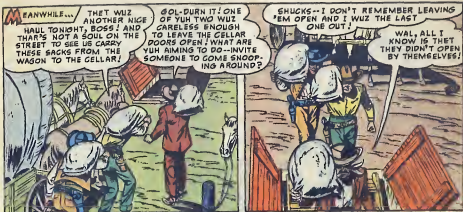
I SHORE WISH I KNEW WHAT IT WAS, HOPALONG! I OPINE THE ONLY THING LEFT FER ME TO DO IS GO BACK TO MY STORE AND GIT READY TO WIND UP MY BUSINESS!

HOPALONG--HYAR'S A TELEGRAM JEST ARRIVED FER YOU!

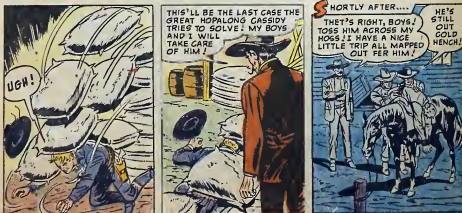
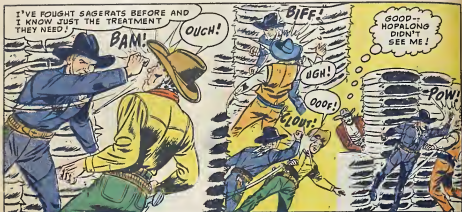




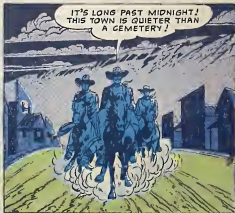




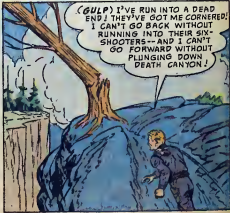
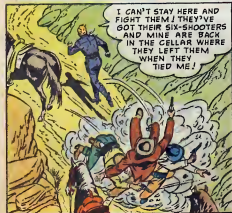


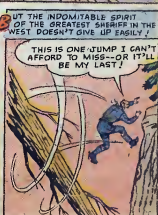
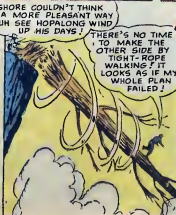
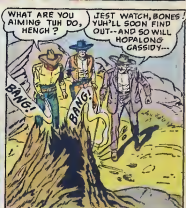
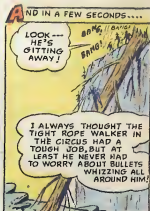






# HOPALONG CASSIDY





LOOK, HENCH--  
THAT HOPALONG'S  
GOT MORE LIVES  
THAN A CAT!

I MADE IT!  
BUT I'M STILL  
FAR FROM SAFE!  
ONCE I GET  
INTO THAT BRUSH,  
I'LL BE SAFE--  
TEMPORARILY,  
ANYWAY!

G'MON---LET'S GIT TO OUR  
HOSSES! WE'VE STILL GOT  
A CHANCE TO GIT HIM!  
ALL WE GOTTA DO IS GIT TO  
THE BOTTOM OF THE PASS  
AFOR HE DOES  
AND HE'LL WALK  
RIGHT INTO  
OUR HANDS!

WHILE IN THE BRUSH ON THE  
OTHER SIDE OF DEATH CANYON

THEY'RE GONE---  
AND THAT MEANS ONLY  
ONE THING!  
I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE  
BOTTOM OF THE TRAIL  
BEFORE THEY DO!

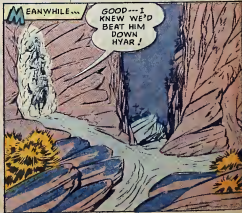


HIS BRINGS THE STORY UP TO  
DATE! NOW WE SEE WHY  
HOPALONG IS SO EAGER TO GET TO  
THE BOTTOM OF THE TRAIL BEFORE  
HENCH AND HIS ACCOMPLICES! HIS  
VERY LIFE DEPENDS ON IT! IT IS A  
RACE OF DEATH!!!

I DON'T HAVE A CHANCE IN THE  
WORLD OF OUTRUNNING THEIR  
HORSES! I'VE GOT TO FIND A  
SHORT CUT! THIS ROPE MUST'VE  
BEEN LEFT HERE BY SOME  
MOUNTAIN CLIMBER!



--- OVER  
DEATH  
CANYON!



MEANWHILE...

GOOD---I  
KNEW WE'D  
BEAT HIM  
DOWN  
HYAR!



GET  
OFF YORE  
HOSSES AND  
GIT YORE GUNS  
READY!



THIS TIME WE  
WON'T TAKE ANY  
CHANCES! WE'LL  
KILL HIM RIGHT  
HYAR AND  
DROP HIS  
DEAD BODY  
OVER  
DEATH  
CANYON!



HUH...



THIS TIME WE'RE GOING TO MEET  
ON MORE EQUAL TERMS--BARE FISTS  
ON BOTH SIDES!



IT'S STILL THREE  
AGIN ONE!

YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU  
TANGLED WITH US,  
HOPALONG!



WE'LL SEE WHO  
WILL BE SORRY!

POW!



YOU'LL BE TALKING FROM  
THE GROUND SOON,  
SHERIFF!

BAM!



WE'VE GOT  
HIM, LUKE!  
LET'S FINISH  
HIM!



**COMIX CARDS**  
appear every  
month in  
**HOPALONG CASSIDY**  
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF  
**BILL BOYD**  
IN  
**Bill Boyd** AND  
**Six-Gun**  
HORSES  
ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL  
NEWSSTAND!





# 100,000

## model builders can't be wrong!

If you're one of the well over 100,000 model fans who have used and built successful models from MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED model plans, then you know how easy it is to build with an MI plan.

**cars**

**planes**

**boats**

You know all plans are full size to permit construction directly over the plan. You know all plans contain easy-to-understand exploded and step-by-step perspective drawings, photos and a complete bill of materials. But... if you've never used an MI plan, how do you know you're getting value, the best buy in the field? The answer is in the well over 100,000 builders who have built models from MI plans. Order any of these super-plans today and see for yourself. We guarantee you'll be a satisfied builder. Fill in the coupon below.



**MI SPECIAL**, 13-in. aluminum racing car capable of speeds up to 75 mph. Power with .23 to .49 engines. For seasoned builders. Plan No. 385, 50 cents.



**BUICK CONVERTIBLE**, 13-in. electric motor driven balsa car. Rubber band drive, two speeds forward and reverse. Plan No. 397A, 25 cents.



**GULFHAWK**, 30-in. control-line model of Major Al Williams' famous stunt plane. Good for both precision or sport flying. Plan No. 396, 50 cents.



**RELIANT**, 31-in. control-line gas model of the famous Stinson "gull" monoplane. Another fine flying scale model for beginner or expert. Plan 384, 50 cents.



**MI ELF**, 16-in. electric motor driven model all-balsa speedboat. Will run for hours on two flashlight batteries. A cinch to build. Plan No. 395, 25 cents.

**BOUNCER II**, 30-in. model of the Chris-Craft run-about. Easy to build; speedy and stable. Power with any gas engine. Plan No. 388, 50 cents.



Address all orders to

Box 169

PLAN No.

**MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Plans Service**  
Fowcett Building, Greenwich, Connecticut

Enclosed is \$\_\_\_\_\_ Please send me the plans listed above

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY IN PENCIL

# FRAMED

By Clement Good



**T**OM DEACON started to raise his right hand in the familiar gesture. He intended to say, "I swear I'm innocent."

But his left hand jerked upward after his right, the links clinked and the handcuffs rubbed his wrists. He lowered his hands and said nothing. His full lips were set firmly and a frown creased his handsome forehead.

The sheriff, gray and grizzled, regarded him with eyes that were piercing but not unkindly. Presently he pointed to a chair and said, "Take a load off your feet, stranger."

Tom sat.

"Now," continued the sheriff, "if you want to make a full and complete confession it'll make a lot less trouble all around, and it's likely the judge will take that into consideration when passing sentence."

"What's the charge?" asked Tom.

"The charge is that you held up the El Rancho stage, that you slung lead at the driver and guard, wounding them both pretty badly, and that you stole all the money and personal valuables of the passengers."

"I didn't do it," asserted Tom, his voice husky as he tried to control temper and emotion. "What makes you think I did it, sheriff? Why are you holding me here?"

"Plenty of evidence," responded the sheriff. "The passengers got a good look at the owl-hoot and his description fits you all right. And then when we found this in your pocket, that just about cinched it."

The sheriff tossed a flat purse onto the desk. "You found that? In my pocket?" Tom sounded genuinely astonished, because he was.

"Play-acting will get you nowhere, stranger," the lawman declared. "It was found in your pocket. It was stolen from a passenger."

Tom said nothing. He was thinking hard. Somebody had framed him. Was it merely chance? Had he been chosen, simply because he was a stranger in town and fitted the description of the bandit? Or was there a more sinister purpose back of it all.

"I reckon I ought to thank you for making

it easier for us by getting drunk," continued the lawman.

"Getting drunk?" Tom's eyebrows shot up, his voice was raised in astonishment. "I never drink! I've never tasted liquor!"

"That so?" asked the sheriff. "I never touch it myself, either. In my job you've got to keep a clear head. Why look here!" He reached into a big bottom drawer of his desk and got out a three-quarters full bottle of whisky. He set it on the desk very near his prisoner.

"Somebody left this here more than six months ago. Said I ought to have it around for emergencies. It's just as full as when he left it. Not a drop used. Yes sir, sometimes whisky can get a man into a lot of trouble."

It seemed almost that the sheriff was merely making conversation, but his gray eyes were watching Tom every minute, noting the minutest details of his reaction.

"What made you think I got drunk?" Tom asked. "Somebody hit me on the head from behind. That's all I remember till I woke up in a cell."

"There was a whisky smell on you, stranger, and there was an empty bottle by your hand."

**T**OM bit his lip in thought. No use to shout, "I've been framed!" That was the habitual cry of the guilty. He'd have to think of some other way out. If only he could catch the real robber! He cast his eyes downward, bitterly, at the handcuffs.

"Excuse me a minute," said the sheriff. He left the room.

Tom looked around. He looked at the whisky bottle on the desk, at the file cabinet in the corner, at the "wanted" posters on the wall. He made no attempt to move from his chair. A stranger, wearing handcuffs and on foot, would have no chance for a getaway. Besides, running would be a tacit admission of guilt. Tom was not guilty and he had no intention of admitting anything.

After about five minutes, the sheriff returned. He had a key ring in hand.

"Hold them out," he instructed, indicating he meant Tom's hands.

Startled, Tom did so. The sheriff unlocked the handcuffs and removed them. "Stay out of trouble," said the sheriff, turning and putting his whisky bottle back in the desk drawer.

Tom stared at his freed hands in disbelief. "You mean . . . I can go?"

"Of course," said the sheriff. "You told me yourself you didn't rob the stage. Go ahead."

**T**OM muttered something that sounded like "thanks" and walked out of the sheriff's office into the sunlight. He still couldn't understand it all. His head ached a little from the blow he'd received. He decided he might feel better with a cup of coffee and a sandwich under his belt, so he headed for Ma Murphy's Home Cooking Restaurant.

Meanwhile, Harvey Grisham entered the sheriff's office. He smirked. He held out his hand toward the sheriff. He said, "Congratulations, Mr. Sheriff. I hear you did some mighty quick work catching the El Rancho stage robber."

"Too soon for congratulations, Harv," responded the lawman. "We didn't catch him yet."

Harvey looked perplexed. "But that stranger you arrested! The one with the stolen purse! Isn't he . . . ?"

"I turned him loose just this minute," said the sheriff. "He claimed he was innocent."

Harvey Grisham's face became purple. He seemed ready to explode. "Why sheriff, you blundering old fool!" he yelled. "That man was guilty, plain as day. You'll lose your star for this or my name's not Harvey Grisham."

Grisham turned and stomped through the door. The sheriff looked after him with distaste. He regarded Harvey Grisham as a worthless young man, the spoiled son of a rich father, a fellow who spent more time gambling than working. It was rumored that Harvey had squandered away most of the fortune left to him by his late dad. But he still put on plenty of airs and tried to act important.

Harvey Grisham halted outside the window of Ma Murphy's Home Cooking Restaurant. He saw the stranger in there eating. Harvey stepped inside. He casually stepped behind Tom Deacon. He slipped something into Tom's pocket.

Tom felt the slight pressure and whirled.

"Hey! What're you doing?"

"Nothing."

"You put something in my pocket."

"Careful what you say, stranger," roared Grisham. "You don't know who I am."

"Yes I do," responded Tom. "You're the fellow who passed me just before I got whumped on the head last night. You're . . ."

Harvey Grisham's fist shot out and sent Tom reeling back against the table. China and silver crashed to the floor. The corner of Tom's mouth was bleeding.

But he came back fast with a hard left to Harvey's kidney, then brought his right up sharply under Harvey's chin. Harvey fought back wildly as Tom bore in. Harvey's legs were getting wobbly as an authoritative voice boomed, "All right, boys. Simmer down."

It was the sheriff, and beside him a deputy. "Arrest him, Sheriff," yelled Harvey. "He's got a pearl necklace in his pocket. He stole it from that Eastern woman on the stage. Do your duty. Make an arrest."

"I'll do my duty," said the sheriff. "I'll make an arrest."

Tom's heart sank.

"I arrest you, Harvey Grisham, for robbing the El Rancho stage. Search him, Ben."

The deputy, a huge man, easily subdued Grisham. His search brought forth a number of wallets, some gold, assorted jewelry, all trophies of the stage robbery.

**S**EEING the very puzzled look on Tom Deacon's face the sheriff grinned and said, "You see, son, I knew you were telling the truth about not being a drinker when I left that bottle right handy for you, and you didn't touch a drop. So I figured the rest of your story might be true, too, and I let you go. But I told Ben, here, to keep an eye on you anyway, just in case."

"That's right," said Ben, "and I was watching when Grisham came and tried to cache that necklace on you. Some passengers *might* have identified you as the robber. You're built just about like Grisham."

"You are at that," agreed the sheriff. "But you've got a better right cross and your old one-two is a humdinger!"

THE END

# WHITEY WHISKERS

## AND "THE BUCKING BIKE"

HYAR'S A CHANCE FOR YUH TO MAKE AN EASY DOLLAR, WHITEY WHISKERS! THE BICYCLE I ORDERED FOR MY LITTLE BOY AT THE GENERAL STORE A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO IS READY TO BE PICKED UP TODAY! ALL YUH HAVE TO DO IS GO TO TOWN AND BRING IT BACK HYAR!

THAT SOUNDS EASY!  
IT'S A DEAL!

YUH CAN TAKE MY HOSS AND WAGON IF YUH WANT! THEY'RE IN THE BARN! IT'S NOT MUCH OF A WALK TO TOWN, BUT IF YUH'D RATHER RIDE, IT'S OKAY WITH ME!

THANKS!

IT'S 'BOUT A MILE TO TOWN! I RECKON I'LL TAKE THE HOSS AND WAGON!

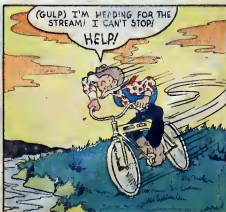
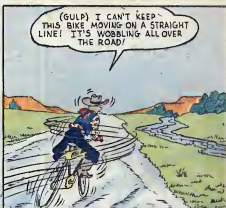
SHUCKS, THE HOSS HASN'T BEEN HITCHED TO THE WAGON! WAL, I'M NOT AGONNA BOTHER DOING IT! THAT'S TOO MUCH LIKE WORK! I'LL WALK TO TOWN AND RIDE BACK ON THE BICYCLE!

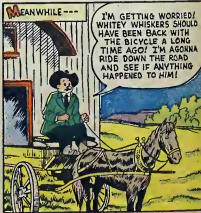
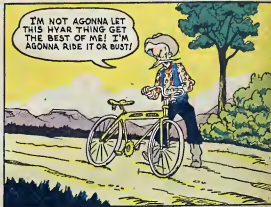
BUT AFTER WHITEY WALKS A QUARTER OF A MILE---

PHEW! I SHORE AM TIRED! WALKING AND ME DON'T GET ALONG! I'LL HAVE TO REST UP A BIT! I RECKON I'LL LIE DOWN AND TAKE A LITTLE NAP!

AFTER AN HOUR'S NAP, WHITEY WHISKERS FINALLY GETS TO TOWN AND PICKS UP THE BICYCLE---

WOW! THIS BIKE IS SHORE A BEAUTY! I'LL WAIT TILL I GET PAST THIS MAIN STREET AND THEN I'LL RIDE THE REST OF THE WAY BACK TO THE RANCH!







SHORTLY AFTER---

THAR HE IS!  
JUMPIN' JEHOSHAPHAT  
HE'S ZIGZAGGING LIKE MAD!



(MOAN) I'M SO  
DIZZY I DON'T KNOW  
WHAR I'M GOING!

STOP! STOP!



(GULP) HE DOESN'T HEAR  
ME! THE WAY HE'S GOING,  
HE'S LIABLE TO CRASH  
INTO ME! AH, HE'S  
ZIGGING TO THE LEFT!  
I'LL ZAG TO THE RIGHT  
AND GET OUT OF HIS WAY!

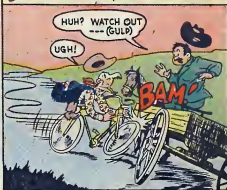


BUT INSTEAD OF ZIGGING, WHITEY WHISKERS ZAGS---

HUH? WATCH OUT  
--- (GULP)

UGH!

**BAM!**



(GROAN) THE BICYCLE---  
IT'S RUINED! (GRRRR)

(MOAN) WHAT  
HIT ME?



(GRRR) I'M HITTING YUH!  
YUH RUINED MY SON'S  
BRAND NEW BICYCLE AND  
I'M AGONNA RUIN YUH!

UGH!

**POW!**



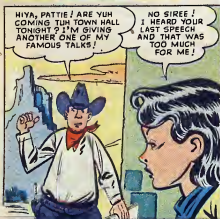
WHEN I FINISH KNOCKING THE STUFFINS  
OUT OF YUH, I'M AGONNA DRAG  
YUH BACK TUH MY RANCH! YORE  
AGONNA WORK THAR FER NOTHING  
TILL YUH MAKE UP THE COST OF THE  
BICYCLE!

OUCH! I RECKON THIS SERVES  
ME RIGHT! IF I HADN'T BEEN TOO  
LAZY TO HITCH THE HOSS TO THE  
WAGON IN THE FIRST  
PLACE, THIS NEVER  
WOULD HAVE HAPPENED!  
(GROAN)

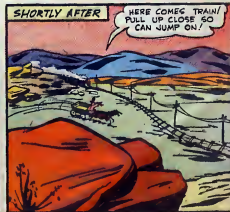
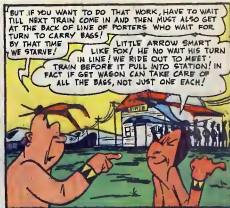


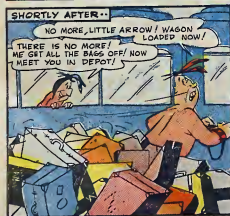
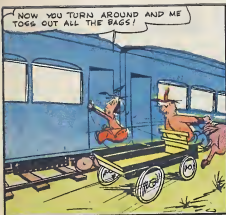
# PISTOL PACKING PATTIE

SILENCE  
IS  
GOLDEN



# BIG BOW AND LITTLE ARROW IN "THE BAG OF TROUBLES"





NO GET EXCITED, PLEASE! HE REMOVE ALL BAGS SO NO HAVE TO WAIT FOR PORTER WHEN REACH DEPOT!



WHY YOU LITTLE FOOL, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA! NOT ALL OF US GET OFF AT THE NEXT STATION!



I WANT MY BAG BACK - AND I WANT IT BACK RIGHT NOW!



--THEY ALL OUT THERE! WILL HAVE TO WAIT TILL GET TO STATION!



AND AT THE STATION---



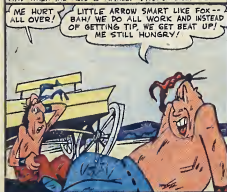
AND NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE--



BUT LITTLE ARROW ISN'T THE ONLY ONE TO YELL "HELP"---



AND WHEN THE MESS IS FINALLY STRAIGHTENED OUT--



WE'LL GIVE YOU FOOD FOR THOUGHT! IF YOU CALL WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU GETTING BEAT UP, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL CONSIDER WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO TO YOU A MASSACRE!



RUN FOR YOUR LIFE, BIG BOW!

IF ME NOT INVOLVED, ME WOULD SAY WHATEVER THEY DO TO YOU SERVE YOU RIGHT!



RUNNING IS GOOD EXERCISE, BIG BOW! ME NO GET YOU FOOD, BUT ME SURE BUILD UP YOUR APPETITE!

THEY CATCHING UP TO US! ME GUESS THIS IS "THE END"!







WHEN IT COMES TO BLOWING BUBBLES, FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE CAN'T BE BEAT!



Hey, boys! Wear a real  
**Hopalong Cassidy**  
 Western Shirt from Hudson's

You'll have a heck of a lot of fun in a Hopalong Cassidy shirt and hat. It's just like "Hoppy" wears in the movies. Order yours now.

Rayon Gabardine Shirt,  
 sizes 6-18.....3.95

Rayon Poplin Shirt, sizes 6-12...2.95

Collars of black and red, maroon and gray, brown and tan, lug-gage and gold, green and gold, royal and gray.

Hopalong Cassidy Hat, black, red or tan, sizes small, medium and large. 1.95

Second Floor—Farmer—Section C

## HUDSON'S

### Boys' Store



Use this convenient order blank

J. I. Hudson Co., Woodward Ave.  
 Detroit, Michigan

Please send me from Hudson's Boys' Store:

Shirt at 3.95, color choice \_\_\_\_\_ size \_\_\_\_\_

Shirt at 2.95, color choice \_\_\_\_\_ size \_\_\_\_\_

Hat at 1.95, color choice \_\_\_\_\_ size \_\_\_\_\_

Charge my account No. \_\_\_\_\_ Send C.O.D. \_\_\_\_\_

I am enclosing \_\_\_\_\_ (am't)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

(street)

(city and state)

For deliveries within the state add 3% sales tax



# I Will Train You at Home for Good Jobs in RADIO- TELEVISION

**I Send You Many  
KITS OF PARTS  
for practical experience**

You conduct many tests and experiments with equipment built from materials I furnish. Some of the equipment from my Servicing Course and some from my Communications Course is shown below. Everything I send is yours to keep.



**MODERN RADIO**

**SEE YESTER**

**TRANSMITTER**

**WAVEMETER**

**MULTITESTER**

**VETERANS**

GET THIS TRAINING  
WITHOUT COST  
UNDER G. I. BILL

## America's Fastest Growing Industry Offers You GOOD PAY--SUCCESS

Want a good-pay job in the fast growing RADIO-TELEVISION Industry? Want a money-making Radio-Television shop of your own? Here's your opportunity. I've trained hundreds of men to be successful Technicians. . . . MEN WITH NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE. My tested and proved (university) home method makes learning easy. You learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You get practical experience building, testing, experimenting with MANY KITS OF PARTS I send. All equipment yours to keep.

### MAKE EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

The day you enroll, I start sending SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how to make \$5, \$10 a week or more EXTRA MONEY fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. From here, it's a short step to your own shop or a good-pay Radio-Television servicing job. Or be a licensed Radio-Television Operator or Technician.

### TELEVISION OFFERS BRIGHT FUTURE

Today there are nearly 2700 Radio stations on the air—and within three years experts predict over 1000 Television Stations. Then add developments in FM, Two-Way Radio, Police, Marine, Aviation and Microwave Relay Radio! Think what this means. New jobs, more jobs, good pay for qualified men.

## ACTUAL LESSON FREE

Act now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual lesson, "GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH RECEIVER SERVICING." It shows you that learning at home is easy, practical. You also get my 64-page book, "HOW TO BE A SUCCESS IN RADIO-TELEVISION." It tells what my graduates are doing and earning.

Send coupon in envelope or paste on penny postal. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. OBNS - National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH  
RECEIVER SERVICING

How to Be a  
Success  
in RADIO-  
TELEVISION

## Good for Both--FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. OBNS  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page book about How to Win Success in Radio-Television—both FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check if Veteran ☐ Approved Under G. I. Bill

### I TRAINED THESE MEN

I am operating my own Radio Sales and Service business. With FM and Television in the offing, we have a very profitable future." A. Patrick, Tampa, Fla.

"N.R.I. was my stepping stone from a few hundred to over \$4,000 a year as a Radio Technician. Make extra money servicing Radios." A. Michaels, Trenton, Ga.

"Before finishing course, I earned about \$10 a week Extra. Since in spare time." S. J. Patrick, Miami, Florida.

"My first job was obtained for me by your Graduate Service Dept. Am now Chief Engineer, Police Radio Station WQXX." T. H. Norton, Hamilton, Ohio.

"Am tied in with two Television outlets and am warranty work for dealers. My N.R.I. certificate." Robert Schuman, New France, Minn.

"Four months after enrolling for N.R.I. course, was able to service Radios averaged \$10-\$15 a week in spare time." W. H. Weppe, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"N.R.I. helped me establish as Radio Technician with United Airlines. Have Radio-telephone and Clean License." LeRoy Keiser, San Bruno, California.

# Weather-Bird Shoes

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



Here they are! The nationally advertised shoes you've seen in LIFE, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING and PARENTS'. Super value shoes... super style, super fit, super wear... of economical prices. See them today!



the feel, action, looks. Ask

one for your own now! Tell him you'll buy the Safety Shooting Rules—just as millions of boys and girls have. Only \$4.95 with Leather Saddle Thong attached to Carbine Ring! At your favorite hardware, sporting goods or department store.



BULL'S EYE SHOT IN PENNY B-B PAKS\* ARE BEST FOR

**DAISY**  
**B-B GUNS** \*Trademark

5-Penny B-B Paks\* Give You MORE Bull's Eye B-B's Than the Old-Fashioned 5c Tube!  
DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 1225, Union St., Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

No. 111-DAISY  
RED RYDER CARBINE  
Only \$4.95

© 1945  
Daisy  
Mfg. Co.,  
Plymouth,  
Mich.

A Fawcett Publication



# HOPALONG CASSIDY

FEBRUARY

10¢

NO. 40

Starring  
WILLIAM  
BOYD

HOPALONG CASSIDY #40 FAW 2/50

Cover NORM SANDERS •

1 of 40 CENTS + BCLF

PISTOL PACKIN' PATTIE NOT BOLLIE

IN  
THIS  
ISSUE:

THE COMPLETE NOVELETTE

**THE PURSUIT OF DEATH!**